

11631. P. 16

A
COLLECTION
OF
P O E M S
ON

Several Occasions;

Publish'd in the

C R A F T S M A N.



By CALEB D'ANVERS, of Gray's Inn, Esq;

L O N D O N:

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on his extraordinary Embassy to Holland.

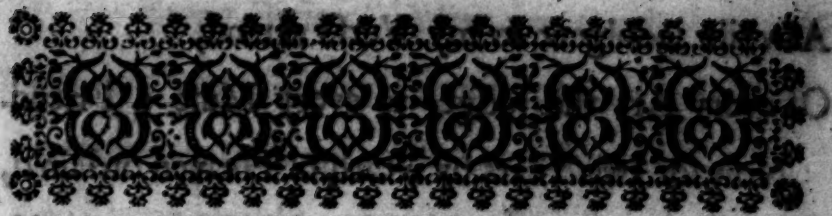
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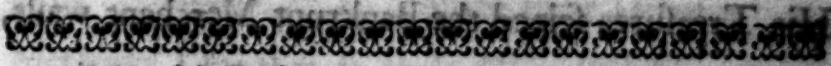
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P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.



To HIS EXCELLENCY

Philip Earl of Chesterfield,

O N H I S

Extraordinary EMBASSY to HOLLAND.

O CHESTERFIELD, with early Laurels
crown'd,
For poignant Wit and nervous Sense
renown'd,

Whom all the Powers of Eloquence adorn,
For publick Scenes and great Employments born,

A

A while

A while indulgent to my Verse attend,
Of every Art the Judge, to every Muse a Friend.

Now for two Years, by wrathful Heaven ordain'd,
Discord and Strife thro' half the Globe have reign'd,
As long hath *Britain* mourn'd her wayward Fate,
Of *Europe* labouring to support the Weight,
As long her warlike Fleets have plough'd the Main,
And numerous Armies have been paid in vain,
While o'er the World her boasted Commerce fails,
His Treasures seized the Bankrupt Merchant wails,
The Looms stand still, *Britannia's* Golden Mines,
And starved in Ease the Artizan repines,
The various Burthens of the State increase,
Thus long prepared for War, not yet assured of Peace.

In this dread Crisis, this Suspence of Fate,
When every Mail alarms the doubtful State,
When Hopes and Fears our Breasts alternate move,
Well does our King his wise Discernment prove,
While to such Hands he delegates his Power,
And deigns that Merit shall repine no more.

To recommend thy Name, in such a Reign,
Titles seem needless, and Distinctions vain,

On the strong Basis of Desert you stand,
 Nor owe your Greatness to a second Hand,
 By no mean Arts or servile Courtship rise,
 But Virtue mark'd you out to *Brunswick's* Eyes,
 In Knowledge, Sense and Honour you confide,
 And your high Lineage is your meanest Pride.

Already, conscious of thy spreading Fame,
 The *Belgian* Powers thy timely Presence claim,
 In this nice Juncture of contending States,
 Like *Churchill* once to prosper their Debates.
 Methinks I see thee in their Councils join,
 Of mystick Leagues unraveling the Design;
 In upright Measures skill'd, thy generous Heart
 Scorns the low Cunning of a Jugler's Art,
 By Tricks and Fraud attempting to succeed,
 Or skinning o'er the Wounds, which soon afresh will
 For, if the sanguine Muse aright presage (bleed,

From thy known Talents, which forerun thy Age,
 By prudent Counsels and deliberate Schemes,
 (Proving all Ways, and shunning all Extremes)
 The Broils of *Europe* thou shalt still compose,
 And reconcile to Peace the Scepter'd Foes,

Avert from *Britain* her projected Fate,
And prove another TEMPLE to the State.

On Thee, my Lord, our quickening Hopes depend,
On Thee our Wishes and our Prayers attend;
Go forth, thy Country's Hope, thy Monarch's Boast,
And reach, with prosperous Gales, the destin'd Coast!
Of potent Realms prevent the direful Strife,
And call the withering Olive back to Life,
Restore the Peace of every jarring Land,
And fix the Ballance fast in *Brunswick's* Hand,

That Work perform'd (a Work of so much Art,
That only STANHOPE can sustain the Part!)
Thy native, loud-applauding Shores regain,
And in the *British* Senate shine again,
Again thy Sovereign's Smiles and Counsels share,
By all the Nation bless'd, recover'd from Despair.



The



The Pacification.

***** Ick Dapper, and the great Dr-l-r me,
 * N * Against whom Nick so oft has drawn
 * * * His hostile Pen, one Night last Week
 Met at the Mitre, *foul by Cheek.*

Unsought on both Sides was the Meeting,

So there was very little greeting;

No sparring Words nor formal Farce,

Your Servant, Sir, or kiss my A-se;

But down they fate, drank to the next,

Yet in their Stomachs somewhat vext;

Nick view'd the *Doctor* very hard;

The *Doctor* scowl'd upon the Bard;

But both the *Poet* and the *Head,*

Being, you know, extremely bred,

Scorn'd to disturb the jovial Table

With their old Piques and College Squabble.

Thus for some Hours, with silent Grudge,

They fate Mum-chance, as you may judge,

Drank

Drank a great deal, and now and then
 Popt in a Word with other Men.
 At length, St. *Dunstan's* Clock struck One,
 And all the sober Cuffs were gone ;
 The rest, who were inclined to stay,
 Call'd for a *Bottle and to pay* ;
 The *Doctor* and the *Bard* made two,
 Who are no *Starters*, you all know.

Good Wine, they say, sharp Quarrels ends,
 And of old Foes makes lasting Friends ;
 Which once, for Instance, happen'd here,
 As by the Sequel will appear.

They soon grew warm, and, e'er they parted,
 Were very frank and open-hearted,
 Talk'd twenty different Matters o'er ;
 The more they talk'd, agreed the more ;
 They laugh'd, and intermix'd their Chat
 With Puns and Quibbles very pat ;
 The *Doctor* toasted Mrs. *W - - d*,
 And *Nick* another, full as good,

Then quoth the *Poet* to the *Don*,
 " How does our Friend, the Great *Sir John* ?

" For

" For if I fail not in my Wine, " *Yon understand*

" He was your Patron, well as mine." *I will say*

The *Doctor* smiled, well pleased to railly *Do*

The Bites, and Bubbles of the Alley, *Behold*

Rail'd at *South-Sea* and modern *Jobbing*, *I ask you*

With some broad Hints against one *ROBIN*. *Am*

On which, said *Nick*, " for eight long Years,

" We've been together by the Ears, *I would*

" On both Sides made a great ado; *Here*

" You turn'd me out; I libell'd you; *And*

" For my Part, *Doctor*, I confess *And*

" Myself in Fault; I can no less; *Still*

" I was a Fool and see my Folly, *As*

" Which makes me wondrous melancholy, *Which*

" For rather than have thus been bamm'd *Can*

" I wish the *Whigs* had all been d --- d. *Of*

The *Doctor* answer'd very mellow, *Vice*

" Faith, thou'rt an hon --- hon --- honest Fellow! *Of*

" How could I use thee so? --- alas! *Of*

" I blush to look thee in the Face; *I*

" But 'twas against my Will --- you know *For*

" How with your Friend, *Nick*, Matters go; *Am*

" You *Am*

" You understand and so I hope

" I wish the Rascals all a Rope

" Do, prithee, Nick! forgive me, do;

" Behold these Tears; see how they flow;

" I ask your Pardon, and, in short,

" Am very *biccup!* --- sorry for't;

" For rather than have caus'd this Evil,

" I would the *Ch-eb* were at the Devil

" Here then, quoth *Nick*, our Quarrel ends,

" And from henceforth We two are Friends;

" And cursed be he, whose plotting Brain

" Shall strive to make us Foes again.

" Ay, cursed be he, the *Don* reply'd,

" Who shall henceforth our Love divide;

" Cursed be the Villain! whether Doctor,

" Or Brother-Head, or Cousin-Proctor,

" Vice-Chancellor or Senior Fellow;

" E'en let them rail, and roar and bellow;

" Of what e'er *Standing* or *Degree*,

" I'll quit them all to *tope* with Thee;

" For, *entre nous*, those hooded Gentry

" Are sad dull Rogues, Nineteen in Twenty,

" Damn'd

" Damn'd, dreaming, empty *Souls* ! and rather "

" Than smoke a Pipe with *H-te* or *M-o-o-r*, "

" I would, dear *Nick*, -- hold ! let me think -- "

" I'd fast twelve Hours from *Meat* and *Drink* "

" Dear Sir, quoth *Nick*, compose your Mind, "

" You make me blush, you are so kind ; "

" My *guilty Works* rise up to Sight ; "

" How, *Doctor*, shall I do you Right ? "

" My Poems, Pamphlets, Dedications, "

" Lewd Tales and tragical Relations "

" From *Grub-street* and the Lord knows whence, "

" Each Page that gives the least Offence, "

" (Ev'n that unlucky Bastard *TERRY*, "

" Who with your *Reverence* makes so merry,) "

" To morrow shall in Flames arise, "

" For a Burnt-Offering to the Skies: "

" What, burn thy Works so arch and pretty ! "

" No, quoth the Doctor, that's a Pity; "

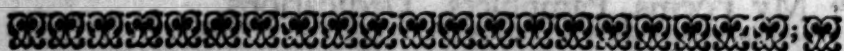
" Such Favours how can I acknowledge? -- -- -- "

" Come, *here's Confusion* to the College. "

" But ! O dear *Nick*, once more go down, "

" and visit that ungrateful Town ; "

" For though by an unjust Decree;
 " (and Oh! dire Thought! pronounc'd by me)
 " Thou from St. *John's* art driv'n away,
 " Of buzzing, witless *Drones* the Prey,
 " At my own *Lodgings* thou shalt lye,
 " And all the strutting Sots defy,
 " Eat and drink well at *College-Charge*,
 " And be as welcome --- as King *GEORGE*.



To a L A D Y,
 Who had Y E L L O W H A I R.

W Hilst on thy Golden Locks I gaze,
 And what I like sincerely praise,
 Coldly you turn your Head away,
 And tax with Flattery all I say;
 But tho', when present, you prevail;
 And interrupt my eager Tale,
 Yet shall the absent Muse supply
 What to my Tongue your Frowns deny.
 Let other Damsels, oddly vain,
 With Quack-Receipts their Features stain,
 And,

(11)

And, studious of a false Renown,
For borrow'd Beauties change their own;
Boldly do thou despise the Taste
Of Leaden Combs, of Paint and Paste,
In thy own native Charms arise,
Nor think we judge with vulgar Eyes.

The Locks, which flow'd in Waves of Gold,
Subdu'd the toughest Hearts of Old.
For Charms like these, Almighty *Jove*
Despised his Starry Realms above,
And, kindled with a mortal Flame,
Down to our Earth a Suitor came;
For, if old Tales we call to Mind,
Or look in *Ovid*, we shall find
That *Leda*, *Danae*, and the rest,
Whom *Jove* in Masquerade possess,
Were Damsels of a Snowy Hue,
With Locks of Amber, just like you,
Such Tresses, in the Days of Yore,
Venus, the Queen of Beauty, wore;
Which made e'en *Mars* forsake the Field,
And forced the God of War to yield.

Fair *Rosamond* as Poets sing,
 Enamour'd thus a *British* King;
 With blazing Hair she pierced his Heart,
 And ev'ry Ringlet proved a Dart.

On Thee may better Fortune light,
 Nor may thy Charms such Rage excite
 For tho' a Monarch wore her Chain,
 What did alas! that Triumph gain?
 An injured Queen, with vengeful Rage,
 Pursued her in the Bloom of Age,
 And, in a curs'd ill-fated Hour,
 Surprized her in the conscious Bower;
 There, with the *Dagger* and the *Bow*
 Wreak'd all the Fury of her Soul.

But no such Ills infect the Plain;
 Safe in my Cottage may'st thou reign;
 No jealous Queen will urge her Right,
 Nor watch thy Footsteps Day and Night;
 My Heart unrival'd thou may'st keep,
 Whilst on the Hills I tend my Sheep,
 Unenvied thro' the Vales may'st rove,
 And without Fear or Danger love.

No more then, with unkind Disdain,
 Reject the Conquests you obtain,
 To Falschood and delusive Art,
 Wresting the Dictates of my Heart;
 Vouchsafe, for once, in Man to trust,
 Nor rashly deem us all unjust;
 For me (believe me when I swear;
 And thou, O *Venus*, witness bear)
 However squeamish Fops may range,
 However Tastes and Modes may change,
 Whether the *Black*, the *Brown*, or *Fair*
 Shall chance to reign the favourite Hair,
 Still shall my Voice those Charms approve,
 Which vanquish'd *Henry*, *Mars* and *Jove*,



When on the Stage you act the moving Part,
 My Ears and Eyes conspire to rack my Heart;
 I gaze, I listen; and am lost
 Which happy Faculty is ravi'd most;
 Thy Charms transport me, while I bless thy Voice,
 And in the general, loud Applause rejoice.
 Through every Scene thy rigid Face I mean,
 And in thy lost Discords forget my own.



TO

Miss *Polly Peachum*

A TOWN PASTORAL.

Written in Imitation of the Fourth Eclogue of VIRGIL.

By J. W. of Cheap-side, LINNEN-DRAPER.

Sicelides Musæ, paucis Majora canamus. VIRGIL.

Farewell! ye Nymphs, who range the
humble Plains; (Strains;
Henceforth a nobler Subject swells my
Aid all ye Muses; all your Strength combine;
For in dear POLLY all the Muses shine,

When on the Stage you act the moving Part,
My Ears and Eyes conspire to rack my Heart;
I gaze, I listen; and in Doubt am lost
Which happy Faculty is ravish'd most;
Thy Charms transport me, while I bless thy Voice,
And in the general, loud Applause rejoice.

Through every Scene thy rigid Fate I moan,
And in thy soft Distress forget my own;

Domestick

Domestick Charges, Courtly Bills unpaid,
Increasing Taxes and declining Trade,
Debts, Pensions, Bribes no more disturb my Mind,
 And ev'n the *Coal-Act* leaves no sting behind.

With Thee when *Lucy* dares dispute the Prize,
 On the vain Slut I fix my scornful Eyes;
 Contempt and Rage my throbbing Heart invade,
 And from my Soul I curse—the SAUCY JADE!

When bound in Chains the great *MACHEATH* I
 Betray'd and sentenced to the fatal Tree; see,
 Moved with thy Tears, my Patriot-Fires decay,
 And publick Zeal to private Love gives Way,
 Compassion rises for the *Robbing Race*,
 And, for thy Sake, I beg an *Act of Grace*:

But shall my Lips, against the righteous Laws,
 Vouchsafe to plead a *publick Robber's* Cause?
 Ah! no—since Justice dooms him to the Cart,
 Let him be hang'd, that I may gain thy Heart—
 Yet how can I expect thy Heart to gain,
 When Nobles sigh and *Ribons* glare in vain?

Once more I long, with unexampled Art
 To see Thee act this dear, delightful Part;

When

When not in vain thou shalt thy Fate behold,
 The Rapture ours; the *Benefit* thy own.
 Close in my Purse a *Guinea*, golden-bright,
 I keep reserved for that expected Night;
 More would I give! — but what my Stars deny,
 Let Courtiers and contending Peers supply.

Nor groundless is the Hope — with Joy I see
 Courtiers and Peers contend in praising Thee;
 Sooth'd with thy *British* Notes and warbling Flights;
 The *Patriot* and *Pensioner* unites:
 Ev'n thy own Sex thy shining Charms extol,
 And, young or old, acknowledge pretty Poll;
 While Envy is itself in Wonder lost,
 And Factions strive who shall applaud Thee most.



An



CRAMBO-SATTRICON:

Or, A LEARNED, POETICAL

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

Christ - Cross - Row.

Occasion'd by Col. PLATOON's late, ingenious
DISSERTATION on the Letter P.

Address'd to the Colonel

Since, Sir, on the Alphabet, lately 'tis grown
The Fashion to spread our Wit about Town,
My Horn-book once more I shall take into
Hand,

And explain all the Letters, as in order they stand.

Great A stands for Army, as B stands for
Bubble,

And C points out Craftsman, or Caleb in Troubles

C

The

*The Dutch and the D——I begin with a D,
And England, the sam'd Ballance-holder, with E.
F serves for gay France, which I hope will not
swerve,*

*And G for Great GEORGE, whom God long preserve!
With H we spell Horace, for his Wit so renown'd,
And I denotes Isaac, that Statesman profound!
When a K and an L stand for Lawyer and Knave,
Look on M as Memento, how you ought to behave.
N stands for a Name, which I dare not speak out,
But O is a Cypher will explain it, no Doubt.*

*With P we beg Pensions, to keep out the Pope;
To Quibbles with Q the Law will give Scope;
And R marks out ROBIN, a Ribband a Rope.
S squints at South-Sea, which has made the Land
rue,*

*And Tyburn with T. calls aloud for its Due.
Single V serves in Verse, against Vice to complain,
And W swears that he'll humble proud Spain.
Great Xerxes the Tyrant, begins with an X,
And Y stands for Yes, in all Votes for a Tax;*

Zeal

*Zeal flags without Z, an odd crooked Letter,
And * & wishes Things may go better.*

* Please to read *And per se and.*



T H E
INSCRIPTION,

Which was lately found on a
Large MARBLE PILLAR
Amongst some RUINS at

W H I T E H A L L.

In perpetuam Infamiae Memoriam
THOMÆ WOLSEI;

QUI summâ Rerum fraudulenter potitus,
Et nefastissimo Peculatûs Genio indulgens,
Hasce ædes, satis superbas,
Reipublicæ sumptibus extruxit.
Divitiarum, Ambitionis, Laudis & vituperii Satur;
Subdolus, insolens, rapax;

Orator volubilis, haud facundus;
 At quicquid veritate, vel Eloquentiâ defuit,
 Inconcussus verborum Copiâ suppeditavit;

Prædo purpureus;

Perfricatâ Fronte potentissimus;

Patriâ, propriis artibus oneratâ,

Summam inter Tranquillitatem, sumptibus Belli lan-
 Seipsum, suosque solos (guescente,

Naufragio publico ditescentes vidit;

Hossem temerarius provocavit;

Idemque Pacem imploravit inglorius,

Dum invictissimo vindicias Populo,

Amicorum æquè ac Inimicorum Prædæ,

(Commercio, Gloriâque Reipublicæ perituris,)

Iniquis Conventionibus negavit.

Honorum perinde ac scelerum cumulatissimus,

Tum Principi, tum Populo meritò invisus,

Mole jam tandem ruebat suâ

Plusque in adversis Rebus Timiditatis prodidit,

Quam in secundis induerat Arrogantiæ.

Abi, viator aulice; disce; cave.



The Foregoing Inscription,
ATTEMPTED in ENGLISH

THIS Monument, consign'd to latest
 Times,
 Stands to perpetuate WOLSEY'S da-
 ring Crimes;
 Who long, by wicked Arts, of Power possess'd,
 (The Lust of *Plunder* raging in his Breast)
 Rais'd this Imperial Dome, more *vain* than *wise*,
 Amidst the Widow's Tears and Orphan's Cries;
 With * boundless Wealth and wild Ambition cloy'd,
 He Fame alike and Infamy enjoy'd;
 † Rapacious, guileful, insolent of Heart,
 He fondly boasted *Ciceronian* Art;
 His poor fallacious, tinsel ELOQUENCE
 Tickled the Ear, but ne'er inform'd the Sense;

* *Eachard* says, that his *annual Incomes* equall'd, if not ex-
 ceeded the Revenues of the CROWN. See his *History*, Vol. I.
 Pag. 633.

† See the same Author concerning his *Methods of amassing*
 RICHES by racking the PEOPLE, Vol. I. Pag. 636.

Whilst every plausible Harangue affords
A specious, empty, puzzling Rote of Words.

Vers'd in the Art of LYING, from his Youth,
His Genius scorn'd the mean Restraints of Truth.
Good Nature, Reason, Argument and Sense
Were all supply'd with shameless IMPUDENCE;
A PURPLE Robber; who, for impious Gain,
Saw his poor Country bleed through every Vein;
And though in PEACE, as He himself confess'd,
With all the Miseries of a WAR oppress'd;
Whilst his voracious Tribe grew fat with Spoil,
And flourished on the Shipwreck of our Isle;
Rash to provoke, and yet afraid of War;
He sued for *Peace* with Bribes and Sordidness of
(Prayer.

Thus to a PEOPLE, long in Camps renown'd,
With never-fading Wreaths and Trophies crown'd,
The just Revenge of *Arms*, which Heaven supply'd,
By base, inglorious Treaties He deny'd,
Saw their old Honour and their Trade decay,
To * *Friends* and *Foes*, by Turns, a despicable Prey,

* It is well known that he took Pensions from several foreign Princes, particularly from the *Emperour* and the *French King*, and alternately involved this Nation in expensive Wars with those Princes, as his own *Interest* or *Passion* guided him.

At length grown full of * TITLES, full of CRIMES,
 The Scandal, Curse and Grievance of the Times,
 Abhorr'd by all, suspected by the Crown,
 By his own Weight He rush'd impetuous down;
 Soon as He fell, with abject Fears dismay'd,
 He all the Coward, all the Wretch betray'd,
 More Meanness shew'd, a more dejected Mind,
 Than Insolence before, when unconfin'd,
 And, his own Will the Law, he triumph'd o'er
 Mankind.

Attend, ye Courtiers, though with Power clate;
 Be warn'd by his Example, shun his Fate.

* He was one of the greatest *Engrossers* of those Times; being, Bishop of *Tournay*, Bishop of *Lincoln*, and Archbishop of *York*; with which he held the Bishopricks of *Winchester* and *Durham* and the Abby of *St. Albans* in *commendam*, and the Bishopricks of *Bath*, *Worcester* and *Hereford* in *Farm*. Besides all these, He was a *Cardinal*, and *Legate a Latere* from the Pope, Lord *High Chancellor* of *England*, and had monopolized the Disposal of ALL the *Ecclesiastical Benefices* and most of the civil *Offices*, *Honours* and *Preferments*. See the same Author, Vol. I. Pag. 363.





POLLY PEACHUM:

A New BALLAD.

To the TUNE of, *Of all the Girls that are so smart.*

I.

OF all the Belles that tread the Stage,
There's none like pretty *Polly*,
And all the Musick of the Age,

Except her Voice, is Folly;
The waining Nymphs of *Drury-Lane*
I now can bear no longer;
And when she's present, I disdain
My *quondam* Favourite Younger.

II.

Compar'd with her, how flat appears
Cuzzoni or *Faustina*?
And when she sings, I shut my Ears
To warbling *Senesino*.

What.

What though her Father is a *Rogue*;

Her Mother though a *Whore* is?

Those *Vices* now are high in *Vogue*,

And *Virtue* out of Door is.

III.

Great Dames there are, who break their Vows

As oft as Madam *Peachum*,

And greater *Robbers* than her Spouse,

Though *Tyburn* cannot reach 'em.

What though *Mackbeath* too is as bad

As Father or as Mother,

And, blest with *Polly*, is so mad

To ramble to another?

IV.

Polly, I ween, is not the first,

Nor will she be the last, Sir,

Who in an Husband hath been curs'd,

And met the same Disaster.

How many Courtiers have we known;

Quite rotten ripe with Poxes,

Who, though they seldom wed but One,

Keep half a Dozen *Doxies*.

V.

But *Polly's* not the worse a Pin,
 Her Charms not less coelestial;
 But though to *Rogues* and *Whores* a-kin,
 An Angel is terrestrial.
 Some Prudes indeed, with envious Spight,
 Would blast her Reputation,
 And tell us that to *Ribands* bright
 She yields, upon Occasion.

VI.

But these are all invented Lies,
 And vile outlandish Scandal,
 Which from *Italian* Clubs arise,
 And Partizans of *Handel*.
 Then let us toast the blooming Lads,
 Whose Charms have thus ensnared me,
 I'd drink it in a brimming Glass,
 Though Parson * *Herring* heard me.

A

* The Author of a late famous Sermon against the Beggar's Opera.

PROJECT
For MANNING
His MAJESY's
ROYAL NAVY.

I.

W Hilst dull *Projectors* toil in vain
To *Man* the Royal Fleet,
And all their *Schemes* contriv'd with
Pain,

Such Opposition meet.

II.

Methinks how easy were the Thing,
By Methods worthy *Freemen*,
Both for the Honour of the King,
And Service of the *Seamen*.

III.

Nor is my Scheme at all confus'd,
 For no Bye Purpose made,
 Let them like English Men be us'd,
 And regularly paid.

EPIGRAM.

WHat strange Resemblance can your
 Fancy see
 'Twixt *W*——'s Fame and *Wolsey's*
Infamy?

In vain through Greece and Italy you roam,
 In vain explore our Annals here at Home,
 In vain you conjure up old Shades from Hell,
 For, as Friend *Theobald* hath express'd it well;
None but HIMSELF can be his PARALLEL,



EPIGRAM.



EPIGRAM.

NO Stone was dug from under Ground,
That *Wolsey's* Infamy display'd;
Nor the least Likeness can be found

Between the *Living* and the *Dead*.

If this be true, pray tell me why

(Since all the hideous Piece abhor)

You always question whom 'tis *by*,

But never question whom 'tis *for*.



An EPIGRAM.



A N
E P I G R A M
O N A

Late DEBATE in the H— of C—

Concerning the

NATIONAL DEBT.

LAST Week in this Town was a furious
Debate,
Between two *great Masters and Cham-*
pions of State;

Dread Havock ensued and most terrible Work,
While one fought for *Norfolk*, the other for *York*;
Their Hearts full of Ire and their Tongues sharp
as Swords;

Sure never was seen such a *Battle of Words!*

Stout as *Sutton* and *Figg* to their Weapons they stood,
Their Eyes darted Fire and their Speeches drew
Blood;

What

What *one Man* asserted, the *other* denied;
 They argued, objected, remark'd and replied;
 At length, quoth Sir *William*, let *Numbers*
 decide.

Then nothing but *Numbers*, ay *Numbers* was
 heard,
 Which, on telling of *Noses*, for *Norfolk* appear'd;
 Though the *Champion of York* did his *Sides* so
 belabour,

He seem'd but to want a *clear Stage* and *no Favour*.

Yet as it stands now, if the *World* judge aright,
 Another such *Triumph* would demolish Him quite;
 'Twas but a *drawn Battle* at best, without Doubt;
 One triumph'd *within Doors*, the other *without*.





TO
Her ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE
Princess *A M E L I A*,
A T

B A T H.

O Princess, form'd with every Grace,
Fair Offspring of our *Brunswick* Race,
In whom such various Charms are join'd,
Beauty, Good-nature, Strength of Mind,
Griev'd with thy long-continued Ills,
(Which every loyal *Briton* feels)
To Heav'n my suppliant Voice I raise,
And consecrate these votive Lays.

When late you left your Father's Court,
How mournful was the Day's Resort?
Each sympathetick Face and Heart
In your severe Distress took part,

Crouds

Crouds sighing stood, as you past by,
 And Tears gush'd forth from every Eye,
 Whilst, as with eager Looks they gaz'd,
 Your Fate they mourn'd, your Sweetness prais'd,
 And beg'd that Heav'n would ease your Pain,
 And send you back in Health again:

Now let thy Springs and mineral Stores
 Exert, O BATH, their utmost Powers,
 Thy Climate more serenely shine,
 Thy Leeches all their Aid combine,
 The stubborn Illness to withstand,
 And in one Cure rejoice the Land !

To these may Heav'n a Blessing give,
 And grant *Amelia* long to live!
 Long may her lovely Virtues shine,
 The Boast of her illustrious Line,
 To bless some youthful Monarch's Arms,
 Well worthy such exalted Charms!

Nor will the Power of Earth and Air
 Disdain to hear a Nation's Prayer;
 Lo ! from on high He nods his Head;
 Our Sorrows cease, our Fears are fled ;

AMELIA lives; the Royal Maid
 Already feels celestial Aid;
 Returning Spirits warm her Breast,
 No Midnight Pangs disturb her Rest,
 Her Eyes their wonted Fires resume,
 Fresh on her Cheeks the Roses bloom,
 Charm after Charm renews her Face,
 And every Morning adds a Grace.

O speed! ye Powers, that happy Day,
 When in full Health and Vigour gay,
 Returning she shall bless our Sight,
 Of hailing Crouds the dear Delight,
 While GEORGE and CAROLINE rejoice,
 And BRITAIN lifts to Heav'n her grateful Voice.



ADVERTISEMENT;

THE two following little Pieces of Poetry were occasioned by a Conversation, in which a Gentleman happened to say, by way of Gallantry, to a young Lady present, who had a fine Complexion, that she was perfect *Waxwork*; from whence she took the Name of *Waxy*. The Reader will perceive that They were written in Imitation of *Pygmalion* and the *Statue* in *Ovid*.

W A X Y:

O R,

VERSES upon a YOUNG LADY'S

BIRTH-DAY.

HAIL to the Light of this revolving
Morn,
On which such Beauty to the World
was born,

Or rather *made*—— for thus Traditions say,
That on this happy, this auspicious Day,
SALMON, the female Artist, whose Renown,
Draws to her Shop the Country and the Town,
A curious Piece, compleat in every Part,
The utmost Trial of her Plastick Art,
Resolv'd to make; the mighty Work design'd,
And thrice, with Art, the costly Wax refin'd;

E 2

Then

Then kneaded into Form the pliant Moll,
 Which glitter'd in her Hands, like burnish'd Gold;
 Graceful and tall she plans the rising Dame,
 And with exact Proportion builds the Frame;
 Upon her Lips the lively Coral glows,
 And her Teeth shine between in Ivory Rows;
 The mimick Lustre brightens in her Eyes,
 And on her Breast the Snowy Circles rise;
 She turns her Shape, with Tresses decks her Head,
 And mixes on her Checks the White and Red;
 O'er her fair Limbs she draws the azure Veins,
 Which seem like Rills that wind thro' flow'ry Plains;
 Branches her Fingers out in beauteous Length,
 And adds to every Feature, Grace and Strength;
 The finish'd Piece, with utmost Skill compos'd,
 The various Charms of all the Sex disclos'd.

To view this unexampled Work of Art,
 Crouds flock'd of old and young from every Part;
 All saw, and all the matchless Form admir'd,
 But chiefly One, with stronger Raptures fir'd,
 Who with a Lover's Eye each Charm survey'd,
 And thus to Heaven, in bitter Anguish, pray'd.

Thou

'Thou Power Supreme, at whose commanding Name,
 From one poor Rib the first fair Woman came,
 If Miracles for ever do not cease,
 O! work one now; inform this lifeless Piece;
 Let not those sparkling Eyes, which charm my Sight,
 Shine to charm only, void of real Light;
 Nor let those Limbs, so lovely to behold,
 Feel to the Touch all languid, stiff and cold;
 Give her a Soul, and as her Lips I kiss,
 Let them pout forth and soften with the Bliss;
 And those fair, Virgin Globes, at thy Command,
 Let them heave gently up and tempt the Hand;
 With Life and Warmth invigorate her Charms,
 And let me feel her struggling in my Arms;
 Be now thy Power, great Heav'n, be now display'd,
 And give her to my Wish a living Maid.

Heav'n saw the artless Tumult in his Breast,
 Heard his ascending Prayer and made him blest;
 Just as he wish'd, behold! it comes to pass,
 The lifeless, Mute, is made a living Lass;
 Her Limbs grow warm, her nimble Eye-balls roll,
 And in her Bosom beats the human Soul;

Her

Her soften'd Lips blush like the Morning Rose,
 And her loos'd Tongue its proper Office knows;
 On either Side her heaving Bosom charms,
 And, streak'd with blue, she waves her Milk-white
 Arms;

She quickens all, and quicken'd she appears,
 Just as she did in Wax; a Maid of fifteen Years.

Thrice glorious Morn! distinguish'd may'st thou
 With double Lustre gild our Wintry Skies; (rise,
 And Thou, for this great Work, amongst the Blest,
 May'st thou, O! SALMON, may'st thou ever rest;
 In Heav'n the happiest Mansion may'st thou find,
 For leaving such an Angel-form behind,



T O

W A X Y.

FROM humble Dust and common Earth
 Whilst other Women take their Birth,
 You, *Waxy*, boast a nobler Frame,
 From more refin'd Beginnings came;

Hear,

Hear, O! Thou Joy of every Heart,
What Thou hast been, and what Thou art.

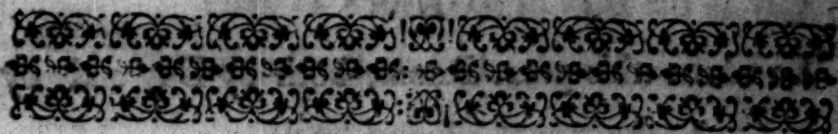
First in gay Groves and blissful Bowers
Thy Charms were seen in opening Flowers,
Did in the *Rose* and *Woodbine* bloom,
And with their Sweets the Spring perfume;
Each fragrant Shrub, and every Tree
Once, *Waxy*, was a Part of Thee;
From whence the painful Insect drew
(As daily round the Fields he flew)
Of golden Wax the precious Store,
And to his Hive the Burthen bore.
SALMON did on the Bee refine,
And Heav'n compleated the Design,
Wak'd Thee to Life, divinely good,
In all the Charms of Flesh and Blood.

In every Change, through which you pass,
I trace you down from first to last;
Sweet as the *Flowers*, in which you bloom'd;
Gay as the *Groves*, which you perfum'd;
Brisk as the *Bee*, which robs the Spring,
And thy Wit pointed like its Sting;

Soft as the *Wax* in *SALMON'S* Hand;
 And just as *Head'n*, by whose Command
 Dwells in thy Breast a living Soul,
 The Hearts of Millions you controul,
 And wrought with more than female Grace,
 Triumph ev'n o'er your own fair Race.

But, oh! thus lovely as Thou art,
 Thus form'd to melt the youthful Heart,
 Scornful and cruel should'st Thou prove,
 Deaf to the Vows and Prayers of Love,
 Better that *Wax* Thou still had'st been,
 At *Salmon's* for a *Tester* seen,
 A shining, but a lifeless Mass,
 By School-Boys gaz'd on through a Glass,
 Than living make Mankind endure
 Those Wounds you give, but will not cure.





THE
Norfolk LANTHORN.
A
New *BALLAD*.

To the TUNE of, *Which nobody can deny.*

I.

IN the County of *Norfolk*, that Paradise Land,
Whose Riches and Power doth all *Europe*
command,

There stands a great House (and long may it stand)
Which nobody can deny.

II.

And in this great House there is a great Hall;
So spacious it is and so sumptuous withal,
It excells Master *WOLSEY*'s *Hampton-Court* and
Whitehall.

Which nobody can, &c.

F

To

III.

To adorn this great Room, both by Day and by
Night,

And convince all the World that the Deeds of
Sir Knight

Stand in need of no *Darkness*, there hangs a great
Light. *Which nobody can, &c.*

IV.

A *Lanthorn* it is, for its Splendour renown'd,
'Tis Eleven Feet high and full Twenty Feet round,
And cost, as they say, many a fair hundred Pound.

Which nobody can, &c.

V.

The King, Sir, (God bleſs him) who lives in the
Verge,

Could hardly afford the exorbitant Charge
Of a *Palace* so fine, or a *Lanthorn* so large.

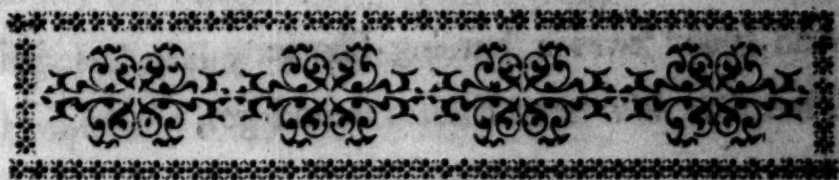
Which nobody can, &c.

VI.

Now let us all pray (tho' its not much in Fashion)
That this *Lanthorn* may spread such an Illumination,
As may glare in the Eyes of the whole *British* Nation.

Which nobody should deny.

THE



THE
P R O G R E S S
O F
P A T R I O T I S M.
A T A L E.

Vendidit Hic Auro Patriam,

SIR *Ralph*, a simple, rural Knight,
 Could just distinguish Wrong from Right ;
 When he receiv'd a Quarter's Rent,
 And almost half in *Taxes* went,
 He rail'd at *Places*, *Bribes*, and *Pensions*,
 And *secret Service*, new *Inventions*;
 Preach'd up the true, old *English* Spirit,
 And mourn'd the great neglect of Merit ;
 Lamented our forlorn Condition,
 And wish'd the Country would *Petition*;

Said, he would first subscribe his Name,
 And added 'twas a burning Shame
 That *some Men* large Estates should get,
 And fatten on the *Publick Debt*;
 Of his poor Country urg'd his Love,
 And shook his Head at *Those above*.

This Conduct in a private Station,
 Procur'd the *Knight* great Reputation;
 The Neighbours all approv'd his Zeal,
 (Though few Men *judge*, yet all Men *feel*)
 And with a general Voice declar'd
 Money was scarce, the Times were hard,
 That what Sir *Ralph* observ'd was true,
 And wish'd the *Gallows* had its Due.

Thus blest'd in popular Affection,
 Behold! there came on an *Election*,
 And who more proper than Sir *Ralph*
 To guard their Privileges safe?
 So, in Return for Zeal and Beer,
 They chose him for a *Knight o'th' Shire*.

But mark how *Climates* change the Mind,
 And *Virtue* chops about like Wind!

Ducly

Duely the *Knight* came up to Town,
 Resolv'd to pull *Corruption* down,
 Frequented Clubs of the same Party,
 And in the Cause continued hearty,
 Broach'd his Opinions, wet and dry,
 And gave some honest Votes awry.

At length, in that old, spacious Court,
 Where *Members* just at Noon resort,
 Up to our Knight Sir *Bluestring* came,
 And call'd him frankly by his Name,
 Smil'd on Him, shook him by the Hand,
 And gave Him soon to understand,
 That though his Person was a Stranger,
 Yet that, in Times of greatest Danger,
 His faithful Services were known,
 And all his Family's here in Town,
 For whom he had a great Affection;
 And wish'd him Joy of his Election,
 Assur'd him that his Country's Voice
 Could not have made a better Choice.

Sir *Ralph*, who, if not much bely'd,
 Had always some Degrees of Pride,

Perceiv'd

Perceiv'd his Heart begin to swell,
 And lik'd this Doctrine mighty well,
 Took Notice of his Air and Look,
 And how familiarly he spoke;
 Such Condescensions, such Professions
 Remov'd all former ill Impressions.

The *Statesman* (who, we must agree,
 Can far into our *Foibles* see,
 And knows exactly how to flatter
 The weak, blind Sides of human Nature)
 Saw the vain Wretch begin to yield,
 And farther thus his Oil instill'd.

Sir *Ralph*, said he, all Forms apart,
 So dear I hold you at my Heart,
 Have such a Value for your Worth,
 Your Sense and Honour and so forth,
 That in some Points, extremely nice,
 I should be proud of your Advice;
 Let me, good Sir, the Favour pray
 To eat a Bit with me to Day;
 Nay, dear Sir *Ralph*, you must agree——
Your Honour's Hour?——exactly Three.

These

These Points premis'd, they bow and part,
 With Hands press'd hard to either Heart;
 For now the publick Business calls
 Each Patriot to St. Stephen's Walls;
 Whether the *present Debts* to State;
 Or on some *new Supplies* debate,
 Would here be needless to relate.

From thence, at the appointed Hour,
 Sir *Ralph* attends the *Man of Power*,
 Who, better to secure his Ends,
 Had likewise bid some courtly Friends,
 His Brother *Townly* and his *Grace*,
 Great Statesmen both and both in Place;
 Our *British Horace*, fam'd for Wit,
 Alike for Courts and Senates fit;
 Sir *William*, from his early Youth,
 Renown'd for Honour, Virtue, Truth;
 And *Bubble*, just restor'd to Favour,
 On pardon ask'd for *late Behaviour*.

The *Statesman* met his *Convert-Guest*,
 Saluted, clasp'd Him to his Breast,
 Then introduc'd Him to the rest.

Whilst

Whilst He, with Wonder and Amaze,
 The Splendour of the House surveys,
 Huge China Jars and Piles of Plate,
 And *modish* Screens and Beds of State,
 Gilt Sconces of stupendous Size,
 And costly Paintings strike his Eyes,
 From *Italy* and *Flanders* brought,
 At the Expence of Nations bought;
 Yet doth not one of these relate
 The tragick End of Rogues of State;
 Although such Pictures might supply
 Fit Lessons to the *Great Man's* Eye;
 But *o'er-grown Favourites* dread to think,
 From whence they rose, and how may sink.

Dinner now waited on the Board,
 Rich as this City would afford;
 For every Element supplies
 His Table with its Rarities.
 The Guests promiscuous take their Place,
Pro More, without Form or Grace;
 There might the *little Knight* be seen,
 With Ribons blue and Ribons green,

All complaisant and debonair,
 As if the King Himself were there;
 Obsequious each consults his Taste,
 And, begging to be serv'd the last,
 Points round by turns to every Dish;
Will you have Soop, Sir Ralph, or Fish?
This Fricassee or that Ragouff?
Pray, Sir, be free and let me know.

The Cloth remov'd, the Glas goes round,
 With loyal Healths and Wishes crown'd;
May King and Senate long agree!
Success attend the Ministry!
Let publick Faith and Stocks increase!
Add grant us Heav'n! a speedy Peace!

Discourse ensues on homebred Rage,
 That rank Distemper of the Age,
 And instantly they all agree,
 They never were so blest, or free;
 That all Complaints were nought but Faction,
 And Patriotism meer Distraction,
 Though full of Reason, void of Grace,
 And only meant to get in Place.

Sir *Ralph* in Approbation bow'd;
 Yet own'd that, with the giddy Croud,
 He formerly had gone astray,
 And talk'd in quite another Way,
 Possess'd with Jealousies and Fears,
 Dispers'd by restless Pamphleteers,
 In Libels *weekly* and *diurnal*,
 Especially the *Country Journal*;
 But as he felt sincere Contrition,
 He hop'd his Faults would find Remission

Dear Sir, reply'd the *Blue-string Knight*,
 I'm glad you think Affairs go right;
 All Errors past must be excus'd,
 (Since the best Men may be abus'd)
 What's in my Power you may command,
 Then once more shook Him by the Hand,
 Gave him great Hopes (at least his Word)
 That He should be a *Treasury-Lord*,
 And to confirm his good Intention,
 At present order'd him a *Pension*.

By these Degrees, Sir *Ralph* is grown
 The staunchest Tool in all the Town,

At *Points* and *Job-work* never fails;
 At all his old Acquaintance rails;
 Holds every Doctrine now in Fashion;
 That *Debts* are Blessings to a Nation;
 That *Bribery*, under *Whig-Direction*,
 Is needful to discourage Faction;
 That *standing Armies* are most fitting
 To guard the Liberties of *Britain*;
 That *France* is her sincerest Friend,
 On whom, she always should depend;
 That *Ministers* by Kings appointed,
 Are, under them, the *Lord's* appointed;
Ergo, it is the self-same Thing,
 T' oppose the *Minister* or King;
Ergo, by Consequence of Reason,
 To censure *Statesmen* is *High Treason*.

In fine, his standing Creed is this;
 That right or wrong, or hit or miss,
 No Evils can befall a Nation,
 Under so wise a *Ministration*;
 That *Britain* is Sir *Blue-string's* Debtor,
 And *Things* did surely ne'er go better!

So the plain Country Girl, untainted,
 Nor yet with wicked Man acquainted,
 Starts at the first leud Application,
 Though warm perhaps by Inclination,
 And swears she would not, with the King,
 For all the World do *such a Thing*;
 But when with long, assiduous Art,
 Damon hath once seduc'd her Heart,
 She learns her Lesson in a trice,
 And justifies the pleasing Vice,
 Calls it a natural, harmless Passion,
 Implanted from our first Creation,
 Holds there's no Sin between clean Sheets,
 And lies with every Man she meets.





A
S E Q U E L
T O T H E
F A B L E
O F T H E
Oak and the Dunghill.

In IMITATION of
Sternhold and Hopkins.

I.
AT length this *Oak*, all canker'd round,
And rotten to the Heart,
Became the Nuisance of the Ground,
And play'd the Tyrant's Part.

II.
His monstrous Bulk the Moisture drain'd
From every Plant below;
The Vegetables all complain'd
Except the *Mistletoe*.

III. A

III.

A Field of *Hemp*, in this Distress,
For Vengeance loudly cry'd;
(Blest Plant! whose Virtues could redress
Our Woes, if well apply'd.)

IV.

Hemp ope'd his awful Mouth and spoke
To the oppressive Tree ;
“ Thou arrogant, aspiring Oak,
“ No bigger once than me,

V.

“ Though pamper'd, by thy Master's Care,
“ To feed his numerous Swine,
“ Dar'st Thou with that *sam'd* Oak compare,
“ Which sav'd the *Royal Line*?

VI.

“ 'Tis true, indeed, you both inclose
“ A King for different Ends ;
“ He screen'd a Monarch from his *Foes*
“ You guard him from his *Friends*,

VII. “ Acorns,

VII.

- " Acorns, I grant, Thou once did'st bear,
 " But now grown fruitless quite,
" Chaplets become thy only Care,
 " And Ribbons thy Delight.

VIII.

- " Thy clumsy Trunk and awkward Air,
 " With Garlands thus attir'd,
" Looks like a May-Pole in a Fair,
 " By Sots and Fools admir'd.

IX.

- " With the Dodonian Oak you vie,
 " From him derive your Line.
" His Oracles prov'd all a Lye,
 " And so I fear will Thine.

X.

- " But whether to those antient Plains
 " Thou truly art a-kin,
" Or, as the Neighbourhood maintains,
 " To modern Oaks of Lynn.

XI. " Give

XI.

" Give Ear, and I thy Doom will shew;

" E'er many Months are past,

" Stript of thy Gew-gaws, *Red* and *Blue*,

" A *Rope* shall bind thee fast.

XII.

" For know, our most indulgent Lord

" The general With shall crown,

" And every Plant, with one Accord,

" Will join to pull thee down.

XIII.

" Oft I've been told, on this fair Ground,

" That many a Traytor-Tree

" Hath been in *Hempen Durance* bound,

" Though stout and proud as Thee.

XIV.

" Let *Pagan Gods* and *Priests*, a Score,

" To ward thy Fate combine;

" Though rescued from the *Light'ning's* Power,

" Thou shalt submit to mine.



AN EXCELLENT

NEW BALLAD,

CALLED,

A Bob for the C---t.

To the TUNE of, *In the Days of my Youth—*
In the first Part of the BEGGAR'S OPERA.

I.

YE Poets, take Heed how you trust to
the Muse, *fa, la.*

What Words to make Choice of, and
what to refuse, *fa, la.*

If she hint at a Vice of political Sort, *fa, la.*

Application cries out, *That's a Bob for the C---t, fa, la*

II.

Corruption, Ambition, Pomp, Vanity, Pride *fa, la.*

Are Terms, that by Guess-work are often apply'd;
fa, la.

H

To

To quote HORACE is thought meer Derision and

Sport; *fa, la.*

Application cries out, *That's a BOB for the C—t.*

fa, la.

III.

If *Congress* is nam'd, you must mean it a Slap; *fa, la.*

The City of *Soissons* blot out of your Map; *fa, la.*

Ostend is a Word of such doubtful Import, *fa, la.*

Application cries out, *That's a BOB for the C—t, fa, la.*

IV.

If *Truce* or *Galleon* in your Writing appears, *fa, la.*

The Word *Cardinal* mars our foreign Affairs; *fa, la.*

Gibraltar avoid; if you mention that Port, *fa, la.*

Application cries out, *That's a BOB for the C—t, fa, la.*

V.

Secret Service you never should venture to write, *fa, la.*

'Twill be said you would bring some *dark Matters*

to light, *fa, la.*

If you speak of our *Trade*, or ask what we *Export*,

fa, la.

Application cries out, *That's a BOB for the C—t, fa, la.*

If

VL

If *Mackeath* you should name, in the Midst of his
Gang, fa, la

They'll say 'tis an Hint you would *Somebody* hang;
fa, la.

For *Mackeath* is a Word of such evil Report, *fa, la.*
Application cries out, *That's a Bob for the C—t. fa, la.*

VII.

The Word *Pension* you never should dare to repeat;
fa, la.

Shall bold, paltry Scribblers reflect on the *Great*?
fa, la.

As *Pensions* and *Bribes* swell the *Levee's* Resort, *fa, la.*
Application cries out, *That's a Bob for the C—t. fa, la.*

VIII.

If *Armies* or *Debts* should escape from your Pen, *fa, la.*

You may chance to offend several thousands of Men;
fa, la.

For as *Taxes* are needful *standing Troops* to support,
fa, la.

Application will cry, *That's a Bob for the C—t. fa, la.*

IX.

Now God bleſs King GEORGE; all his Enemies rout,

fa, la.

All Thoſe that are IN, and all Thoſe that are OUT.

fa, la.

May true, honeſt Hearts be his Bulwark and Fort,

fa, la.

And ſo there's an End of a BOB for the C—t. *fa, la.*



Truth *and* Falſhood.

A

F A B L E.

ONCE on a Time, in Sunshine Weather,
Falſhood and *Truth* walk'd out together,
 The neighbouring Woods and Lawns
 to view,

As *Opposites* will ſometimes do.

Through many a blooming Mead They paſs'd,
 And at a Brook arriv'd at laſt.

The purling Stream, the Margin green,
 With Flowers bedeck'd (a vernal Scene)

In

Invited each itinerant Maid
 To rest a while beneath the Shade;
 Under a spreading Beach they late,
 And pass'd the Time with Female Chat;
 Whilst each her Character maintain'd;
 One spoke her *Thoughts*; the other feign'd.

At length quoth *Falskood*, Sister *Truth*,
 (For so she call'd her from her Youth)
 What, if to shun yon sultry Beam,
 We bathe in this delightful Stream;
 The Bottom smooth, the Water clear,
 And there's no prying Shepherd near?—
 With all my Heart the Nymph reply'd,
 And threw her snowy Robes aside,
 Stript herself naked to the Skin,
 And with a Spring leapt headlong in.
Falskood more leisurely undress'd,
 And laying by her tawdry Vest,
 Trick'd herself out in *Truth's* Array,
 And cross the Meadows tript away.

From this curst Hour, the *fraudful Dame*
 Of sacred *Truth* usurps the Name,

And

And with a vile, perfidious Mind,
 Roams far and near to cheat Mankind ;
 False Sighs suborns, and artful Tears,
 And starts with vain, pretended Fears ;
 At Court, appears extremely wise,
 And rolls, at Church, her Saint-like Eyes.
 Talks, in the City, much of Trade,
 And Seizures on the Spaniards made ;
 Sometimes in pompous, Fustian Rhimes,
 Extolls our blest Saturnian Times,
 Our *Wealth* and *Power* o'er *Europe's* Fate,
 And *Wisdom* in Affairs of State ;
 Or when the Nation quite on Fire is,
 Writes *Observations* and *Enquiries* :
 But most affects, in P——
 To *state Accounts* and represent ;
 To prove that *Two* and *Two* make *Seven*,
 That *White* is *Black*, and *Odds* are *Even* ;
 Pleads, as Time serves, for *Peace* or *War*,
 And makes a Jest of *Gibraltar*,
 Speaks *pro* and *con*, like honest Y——
 And always sticks to what is wrong,

Mean while poor *Truth*, in this Distress,
 Robb'd of her old, engaging Dress,
 Became, unhappy Maid ! the Sport
 Of Country, City, Camp and Court ;
 And, scorning from her Cause to wince,
 Hath gone *stark naked* ever since.



A

PANEGYRICK

O N

Cardinal *W*——.

HAIL ! Minister, by *Paradoxes* great !
 Proceeds it from thy *Genius* or thy
Fate ?

Courtier compleat, with Manners unpolite ;
 Without thy Prince's Love, a Favourite ;
 Not eloquent, though voluble of Tongue,
 And thy first Honours from Corruption sprung ;

From

From Ruin and Distress advanc'd to Power;
 From Goal to Court, the Creature of an Hour;
 Hated by *Each*, and yet upheld by *All*;
 Hooted in *Streets*, applauded in the *Hall*;
 By *giving*, *Rich*; still able to supply
 Fresh Credit to each *Want* and every *Lye*;
French Treaties, padlock'd Swords and tame Cam-
 paigns,

(Thy Measures now) were Crimes in former Reigns;
 What then was constrn'd Treason by our Laws,
 Is now thy Glory, and demands Applause;
 If Thou art easy, who dares feel his Pain?
 'Tis bold to fight; Rebellion to complain——
 Ev'n *Publick Debts* transform themselves to *Gain*. }

The *Change* that seem'd to force Thee from the
 Stage,
 To sue for Shelter from the People's Rage,
 Pye-ball'd with Dirt and Glory, brought Thee on,
 And turn'd thy Sanctuary to a Throne.

Say mighty *W*——, are we to adore
 Thy *Stars* or *Genius*, never match'd before?

(65)



T O A

Certain GENTLEMAN

Who always takes the Name of

Cardinal WOLSEY

To HIMSELF.



A N

E P I G R A M.

HOW vain, *Sir Knight*, is thy affected
Rage,
That *Thou* and *Wolsey* in the self-same
Page

Stand charg'd alike?—The *Cardinal*, 'tis true,
Had many publick Vices; so hast *Thou*.

But

I

But He had Virtues, as his Foes agree ;
 Which, thy Friends own, are wanting all in Thee ;
 Tho' proud, corrupt, ambitious, and severe,
 Still to the *Muse* He lent a gracious Ear ;
 Learned Himself to Learning was a Friend ;
 Himself, adorn'd with Arts, did Arts extend ;
 Whilst all thy Knowledge is confin'd to Gain,
 To Funds, and Stocks, and Bribes, thy Country's
 Bane ;
 His publick Spirit lives in *Christ-Church* Dome ;
 Thy *Charity* BEGINS, and ENDS at Home.



A N

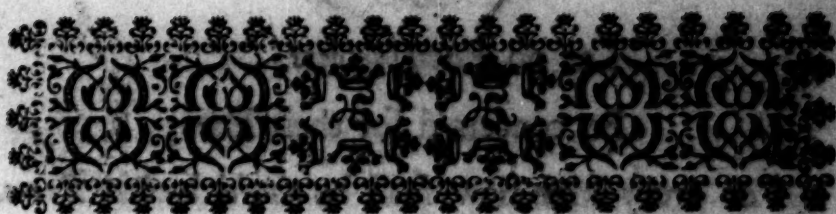
E P I G R A M.

O F the *Remore* lately much hath been
 said,
 And how they retard' our Fleet at
 Spithead ;

But, if I mistake not, it is not confin'd
 By the Strength of those *Fish*, but a CARDINAL
 Wind.

T H E

(67)



T H E
HONEST JURY,
O R,
CALEB Triumphant.

To the Tune of, PACKINGTON'S POUND.

I.

REJOICE, ye good Writers; your
Pens are set free;
Your *Thoughts* and the *Press* are at
full Liberty;

For your *King* and your *Country* you safely may
write;

You may say *Black is Black*, and prove *White is*
White.

Let no *Pamphleteers*

Be concern'd for their Ears;

For every Man now shall be try'd by his *Peers*,
Twelve good honest Men shall decide in each Cause,
And be Judges of *Fact*, tho' not Judges of *Laws*.

II.

'Tis said Master *Caleb* a Paper did print,
Which sometimes at some Folks look'd slyly askint;
He weekly held forth of *no Peace* and *no War*,
So was forced from his *Trade*, to appear at the *Bar*,
Thus for talking too free,

Master *Attor*—ney

Strain'd his Lungs for to set him in the *Pillory*,
But *Pillories* now shall be raised for the Shame
Of some *Rogues*, whom yet 'tis not proper to name.

III.

You may call the Man *Fool*, who in *Treaties* does
blunder,
And stile Him a *Knave*, who his Country doth
plunder;

If the *Peace* be not good, it can ne'er be a Crime
To wish it were better, in *Prose* or in *Rhyme*;

For

For Sir *Philip* well knows

That *Innuen*—does

Will serve him no longer in Verse or in Prose;
 Since *Twelve honest Men* have decided the Cause,
 And were Judges of *Fact*, tho' not Judges of
Laws.

IV.

Twelve Judges there are, and twice twelve *Aldermen*,
 Many *Lords*, many *Members*, and *Bishops*—

What then?

Although you should travel all *England* around,
 Amongst them *twelve honest* cannot be found,

Than this same *Ju—ry*

Which set *Caleb* free,

And brought in their Verdict, *He was not Guil—ty*.

Then let these *honest Men*, who do pay *Scot* and

Lot,

While *Ballads* are *Ballads*, be never forgot.

V.

This *Jury*, so trusty and Proof against *Rhino*,

I am apt to believe to be *Jury Divino*;

But

But 'tis true in this Nation (oh! why is it so?)

Men the *honestest* are, as the *lower* you go.

So a Fish, when 'tis dead,

I have often heard said,

May be sweet at the *Tail*, though it stinks at
the *Head*.

Oh! may Honesty rise and confound the base
Tribe,

Who will be corrupted by *Pension* or *Bribe*!

VI.

A *Fury* there was, when the Pope was in Power,
That brought out *seven Bishops* alive from the
Tower;

They saved our Religion from *Jacobite* Fury;
Both *That* and King George then we owe to a *Fury*;

So Those that brought out
The *Bishops*—no doubt,

Brought in our King George, who's so gallant
and stout;

Then sure 'tis the Interest of *Country* and *King*,
That *Furies* should never be led in a String.

Thus

VII.

Thus far honest *Duncan* hath prophesied right,
 And prov'd himself bless'd with the true *Second-*
Sight,

Who though *deaf* and *dumb*, in *Astrology* famous
 As *Partridge*, poor *Robin*, or old *Nostradamus*,

Did lately divine

That *Caleb* should shine

And prevail o'er his Foes in the Year *Twenty-*
nine;

For *twelve honest Men* have determin'd his Cause,
 And rescu'd from *Quibbles* our old *English Laws*.

VIII.

But one Thing remains, his Predictions to crown,
 And that is to see the *Leviathan* down;

Nor let us despair; for the Year is not out,

And a *Month* or *two more* may bring it about;

Then in Chorus let's sing,

And say God bless the *King*,

And grant that all Those, who deserve it, may
 swing.

If *twelve honest Men* were to judge in this Cause,

One good *Verdict* more might secure all our *Laws*.



To *Caleb D'Anvers*, Esq;

ON THE
T R E A T Y

Lately Concluded at

S E V I L L E.

THOU *perverse, adverse*, CALEB
D'ANVERS,

Were I a *Poet*, to command Verse,
With *Satire*, would I so ha-rass you,
That you should hang your self, you *Ass* you;
Pen ne'er should stop, nor Tongue e'er falter,
'Till I had brought thee to a Halter,
And got thy Head fix'd on a tall Pole,
For what you've wrote, 'gainst Mr. *W——*;
W—— so famous in all Nations,
For *steady, wise* Negotiations;

In *France* and *Spain*, by every Boy, Sir,
 Call'd *de la grand Bretagne Viceroy*, Sir ;
 By *Hollanders*, and many more Folk,
 Call'd *Hogan Mogan Heer van Norfolk*;
Swedes raise him up to God knows what, Sir ;
Danes term him *Groota Potentate*, Sir,
 And to be plain, all *Europe* over
 He's known as well, as in *H—v—r* ;
 Yet t'other Day, you had the Face, Sir,
 Plainly to call him *Robin Brads*, Sir.
 Will you ne'er leave your usual Tricks, Sir,
 Of kicking 'gainst sharp-pointed Pricks, Sir ?
 As you stood up for *Gibraltar*, Sir,
 And rail'd against our peaceful War, Sir,
 Will you go on and never cease, Sir,
 But dare to blame our *warlike Peace*, Sir,
 Must I at length be forc'd to go, Sir,
 To see you as I did *Defoe*, Sir,
 Or *Mist*, that Brother of Perdition,
 In *Pillory* for base Sedition ?
 No, *Pillory's* too good for Fellows
 Who 'stead of *Pensions* chuse the Gallows.

Yet, *Caleb*, I'll ne'er mince the Matter,
 Than all thy *Tribe* I like Thee better;
 And if you'll but take my Advice, Sir,
 I'll do your Business in a Trice, Sir,
 In any Thing you may command me,
 With *W*——I'm as great as can be.
 As t'other Day we play'd at *Drafts*, Man,
 He bid *Horatio* read your *Craftsman*;
 And smiling said, it was a Pity
 The Man was *blind* and yet so *witty*;
 Therefore, I'll tell you, what I want, Sir,
 Is straightway that you wou'd recant, Sir,
 And that you'd turn your Wit and Satire
 To other Subjects, other Matter;
 Cry *W*—— up in Verse and Prose, Sir,
 Flatter his *Friends*, revile his *Foes*, Sir,
 Extol his *Peace*, and OBSERVATIONS
 On his own great *Administrations*,
 Turn Coat, Pen, Tongue; in short be wise, Sir,
 Praise *Gothick Schemes* and *French Allies*, Sir,
 And write (what yet was ne'er done) *Answers*
 To your own Works, sign'd *Caleb D' Anvers*.



The following LATIN VERSES were inscribed to the Glory of a certain great Man, at the Bottom of an emblematical Device.

SIT celebr jugulans Ferro vetus Hercules Hydram,
Ingenio Plures atterit Iste novus.

Concilians Pacem proprio Sudore paratam;

Suadet quam Patrius, non suus urget Amor.

Invidus improperet, frideat, vel garriat Amens!

Hunc, qui tanta patrat; docta MINERVA regit.

Attempted in English.

LET Bards with Honour old Alcides dub,
Who slew the Hydra with his Sword or—
Club.

Our English Hercules is greater far;

Whose Toils for Peace exceed his Toils in War.

He slew one Hydra; ours hath many slain;

Preferring publick Good to private Gain.

Let Envy gnash her Teeth; let Craftsmen rail;

Whilst Pallas is his Guide, He cannot fail.

Vallum, Polus.

*Nil metuens Terris, tuto potes ire per altum
Anglia, qui Vallum WALPOLUS, ipse Polus.*

English'd thus.

How great, O England, may thy Greatness be,
Whilst He's thy WALL by Land, thy POLE
by Sca?

F I N I S.

9 NO 64

